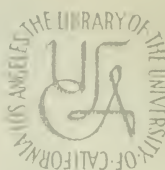
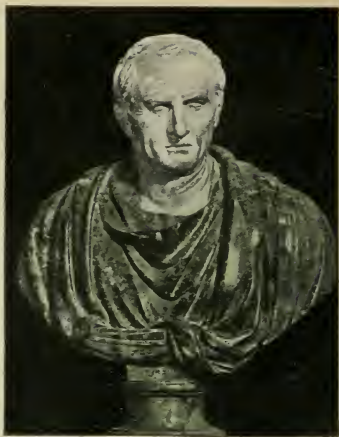


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DE AMICITIA



CICERO

DE AMICITIA

(ON FRIENDSHIP)

BY

M. TULLIUS CICERO

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN
BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH



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INTRODUCTION

QUINTUS MUCIUS,¹ the Augur, used to repeat very entertainingly from memory many of the sayings of Caius Laelius,² his father-in-law, to whom he always gave without hesitation the surname *Wise*. As soon as I put on the garb of manhood my father

brought me to Scaevola,³ that I might attend him, and thereafter, as much as was possible and permitted, I remained at the old man's side. It thus happened that I was able to commit to memory many of his longer discourses as well as his brief and pithy remarks, and to devote myself to the increasing of my own knowledge through his wisdom. When he died I attached myself to Scaevola,⁴ the Pontifex Maximus, whom I venture to call the most distinguished of our citizens both for intellect and for integrity. But of him I will speak in another

place. I return now to the Augur.

Among the many that I remember, I recall in particular one occasion when, seated, as was his custom, in his hemicyclium⁵ with myself and a few of his most intimate friends about him, he chanced to speak of a matter that was then attracting much attention, and which you, Atticus,⁶ surely recollect, since you were well acquainted with Publius Sulpicius,⁷ namely, the bitter animosity with which Sulpicius, when he was Tribune of the people, opposed Quintus Pompeius,⁸ then Consul, with whom he had lived on

terms of affectionate intimacy — a subject of much surprise and general regret. The mention of this affair led Scaevola to repeat to us a conversation about friendship which Laelius had held with him and with his other son-in-law, Caius Fannius,⁹ the son of Marcus, a few days after the death of Africanus.¹⁰ The substance of this conversation I committed to memory, and I have set it forth in my own words in this essay, casting the matter in the form of a dialogue to avoid the frequent repetition of “said I” and “said he,” and to make the reader

feel that he has been listening to the speakers themselves.

For you have often urged me to write something on this topic, and it appears to me also to be one that is worthy of the consideration of all, and especially of such friends as ourselves. I was, therefore, very willing to grant your request, and in granting it to be of service to others also. And as in "Cato the Elder," or "Old Age," which was inscribed to you, I introduced the aged Cato¹¹ as the chief disputant, because no character seemed to me so suited to one who should

talk of old age as that of this man who had been old so long and in his age had so far surpassed all others in vigor; so it has seemed to me fitting to assign to Laelius the thoughts about friendship which Scaevola remembered that he uttered, especially since we have heard from our elders that the intimacy that existed between Laelius and Publius Scipio¹² was very remarkable. Besides, this method of presenting the subject, resting as it does on the authority of illustrious men of former times, seems, for some reason, to produce a more weighty impression. Even

I, when I read my own book on "Old Age," sometimes feel that it is not I who am speaking, but Cato himself.

As I, an old man, then wrote to an old man of old age, so now I write lovingly of friendship to the best of friends. Then Cato spoke, a man older than almost all his contemporaries and of greater practical wisdom than any; but now that friendship is the theme, Laelius, a man both wise — for so he was esteemed — and notable for all that makes friendship glorious, shall lead the debate. In the meanwhile turn your thoughts from

me and imagine that you hear him speaking.

Caius Fannius and Quintus Mucius visit their father-in-law after the death of Africanus. The conversation is opened by them and Laelius replies. Their whole talk is of friendship; and in what they say you will find yourself portrayed.



THE CONVERSATION

FANNIUS. That is true, Laelius. For there never was a better man than Africanus, nor one more illustrious. But you should remember in your grief that the eyes of all men are now turned upon you, whom they both think and call the Wise. For although, as we know, this title was given by our fathers to Lucius Atilius,¹³ and recently to Marcus Cato,¹⁴ both of them received it for reasons some-

what different from those that have led men to give it to you — Atilius, because he was deemed expert in the law; Cato on account of the variety of his attainments: for so much practical wisdom both in the Senate and the courts — so much foresight in planning, energy in execution, and skill in defense — was credited to him, that in his later years “the Wise” became as it were his distinguishing name. You, on the other hand, are so esteemed, not only on account of your disposition and character but also because of your knowledge and learning:

you are wise, not as the crowd reckons wisdom, but in that higher sense, understood only by the truly learned, in which it was said that in all Greece no one was wise save that one man¹⁵ at Athens who was declared to be the wisest by the Delphic oracle (for the Seven, though so called, are not held to belong to the number of the truly wise by those who think more profoundly).

This wisdom people think you possess—a wisdom which teaches you to seek the source of all happiness in yourself alone, and to esteem the haps and mishaps of life as insignifi-

cant in comparison with virtue.] Accordingly they are asking me, and Scaevola too, I suppose, how you are bearing the death of Africanus; and their curiosity is increased by the fact that recently when we assembled, as usual, for deliberation in the gardens of Decimus Brutus, the Augur, you were absent, although you have always been very careful to be present at these meetings and perform your official duties.

SCAEVOLA. Indeed I am asked this by many, Laelius, as Fannius says. But I answer that I have noted that you bear with great

self-restraint the grief which the death of this most excellent man and very dear friend has caused you, though you are too full of human kindness not to suffer keenly from the loss. I tell them, however, that the reason of your absence from the official meeting of the Augurs was not your affliction but ill-health.

LAELIUS. And you answered well, Scaevola, and truly. For had I been well I ought not on account of my unhappiness to have neglected a duty which I have always punctually discharged; nor do I think that any misfortune can cause a man

of firm character to be guilty of such shortcomings. But, Fannius, when you tell me that wisdom and virtue are attributed to me beyond what I can admit or desire, you speak as a friend; and I do not think that your judgment does justice to Cato. For if any one is truly wise,—which I am disposed to doubt,—he was a wise man. How courageously—to give only one illustration—he bore the death of his son!¹⁶ I remembered that Paulus¹⁷ had suffered a similar affliction, and I had seen Gallus¹⁸ when the same grief had come to him; but the sons these

men lost were boys : Cato's son was a mature and honored man. Wherefore do not heedlessly prefer to Cato even the man whom Apollo declared to be the wisest. For Socrates is, indeed, famous for his words ; but Cato is illustrious through his deeds. This in reply to Fannius : as regards myself, I will now answer you both.

If I were to deny that I deeply feel the death of Scipio, those who profess to be wise in such matters¹⁹ must judge whether such an attitude of mind is right or wrong—but certainly I should not be telling the truth. For I do feel the

loss of the best friend that I know man ever had or, I feel sure, ever will have. But I need no external remedy for my wound; I am able to heal myself, especially with the consoling thought that, unlike most who are overwhelmed with anguish when their friends die, I do not grieve without hope. For I do not think that an evil thing has happened to Scipio: if there is any evil in the event, I am the one who suffers it; but to be unduly distressed by one's own affliction is the part not of one who loves his friend, but of one who loves himself.

As for him, who will deny that his lot was a glorious one? For unless he had wished — what he never thought of — to be exempt from death, what was there within the proper limits of human desire that he did not attain? — he who by the extraordinary virtues of his early manhood surpassed even the highest hopes that his fellow-citizens had already formed of him in his boyhood; who never sought the Consulship, yet was twice made Consul — once before he had reached the legal age, and again at a time propitious for himself but almost too

late for the safety of the Republic; and who by the overthrow of two cities, both fiercely hostile to our state, not only put an end to existing wars but also prevented them for the future. Why should I speak of his gracious manners, of his affection for his mother, of his generosity to his sisters, of his goodness toward the rest of his family, of his justice to all men? These things you both know well. How much, also, he was loved by the general public was manifest in the grief that was shown at his funeral.

Of what profit, then, to him would have been

a few more years of life? For old age, even though it may not be in itself a burden,—as I remember Cato maintained in a conversation with Scipio and myself the year before he died,—necessarily impairs that vitality and vigor which Scipio still possessed. Thus his life was so complete, both in good fortune and in fame, that nothing could be added to it: and even in dying this good fortune followed him, for the suddenness of his death doubtless robbed it of its pain. The exact manner of it we cannot tell with certainty: various suspicions are, as you

know, in the air. But this we can say, that of the many happy and famous days that Publius Scipio saw during his life, the most glorious one was the day before his death, when toward evening, on the adjournment of the Senate, he was escorted to his home by the Conscript Fathers, the Roman people, the Latins, and the allies. From this lofty plane of honor he seems not to have descended to the shades but to have ascended to the gods.

For I do not agree with those ²⁰ who have of late begun to argue that the soul perishes with the

body and that death ends all. Of more weight with me is the authority of the ancients—of our ancestors, who surely would not have established religious rites for the dead if they had thought that the dead have no concern in them; of those philosophers who by their schools and instruction made Magna Graecia²¹ (now utterly decayed but then flourishing) famous for learning; and of that sage, judged by the oracle of Apollo to be the wisest of men, whose opinion was not now this and now that, as with most, but always the same—that the souls of

men are divine, that when they leave the body they find the return to heaven open, and that this return is easiest for the most upright and the best. And this was also the belief of Scipio who, almost prophetically, a little while before his death, in the presence of Philus,²² Manilius,²³ and several others,—and of you, too, Scaevola, for you had come with me,—talked on three successive days about the Republic, and toward the end spoke almost wholly of the immortality of the soul, telling us what he had heard in a dream²⁴ from Africanus.

If this then is true, that for each soul the escape, as it were, from its imprisonment in the body is easy in proportion to its moral worth, for whom can this flight to the gods have been easier than for Scipio? I, therefore, fear to lament his fate lest such grief should show more of envy than of friendship. Even if the truth is with the other belief, that soul and body perish together and that no consciousness survives, it remains certain that if death brings nothing good it also brings nothing evil. For if consciousness be lost it is with him exactly as if he had

not been born at all — though we rejoice that he was born, and this State also, as long as it exists, will rejoice. And so to him, as I have said, the best has happened; though not to me, for as I came into the world before him I ought to have been the first to leave it. But so delightful is the recollection of our friendship that the happiness of my life seems to me to have been that I lived with Scipio; for we were united in domestic and in public affairs, at home and in military service, and by that strongest bond of love, harmony of de-

sires, pursuits, and sentiments. I am, therefore, not so much pleased by that reputation for wisdom which Fannius just mentioned — and which is certainly not merited — as by the hope that the memory of our friendship will never perish; and this I have at heart the more because in all the past scarcely three or four pairs of friends have become famous — a group in which I hope, the friendship of Laelius and Scipio will be known to posterity.

FANNIUS. There can be no doubt about that, Laelius. But since you have

mentioned the subject, and we have nothing else on hand, you will do a great favor to me—and to Scaevola too, I am sure—if you will talk to us about friendship, just as you do about other matters when your opinion is sought, telling us what are your ideas about it, what, in your opinion, is its character, and what rules you would lay down with regard to it.

SCAEVOLA. I shall be very glad to listen; and I was about to ask you to do this when Fannius anticipated me. So you will be conferring a favor on us both.

LAELIUS. I certainly would not hesitate if I felt confidence in my ability; for the subject is a very attractive and important one, and we are, as Fannius has said, at leisure. But who am I that I should discuss this theme or what capacity have I to do it justice? To speak without preparation on topics suggested by others is a custom among philosophers, especially the Greeks. But the art is a difficult one, and requires not a little practice. It seems to me, therefore, that you would do better to seek what can be said about friendship

from those who possess this accomplishment.

As for me, I can only urge you to prefer friendship to everything else in life; for there is nothing else so fitted to nature — so well suited both to prosperity and to adversity. But I assert as a first principle that friendship can exist only between those who are good; nor would I split hairs in defining this word “good,” as some²⁵ do who discuss these matters with subtlety and perhaps correctly in theory, but with little advantage to the unlearned, for they deny that any one can be good ex-

cept the wise. This may be true; but they understand by wisdom something that no mortal being has yet attained; while we ought to have in view those traits which have a place in the experience of common life, and not those which are mere products of fancy or objects of aspiration. For I will never call Caius Fabricius,²⁶ Manius Curius,²⁷ or Tiberius Coruncanius,²⁸ wise, though our ancestors judged them to be so, if I have to measure them by the standard of wisdom set up by these philosophers. Let them keep, then, for themselves that

name of "wisdom," with all its pretentiousness and unintelligibility, if they will only admit that these men may have been good. But this they will not do; they will not for a moment concede that any one can be good who is not, in their sense of the word, wise. Let us appeal, then, to plain common sense. From this point of view it is clear that those who so act and live as to prove their good faith, uprightness, justice, and generosity, and show that they harbor no covetousness, licentiousness, or presumption, and have great strength of character,—as

had those whom I have mentioned,—ought to be called the good men they are esteemed to be, because, as far as men can, they follow nature, which is the best guide to a good life.

For it seems to me evident that from the very fact of our birth there exists among us all a certain fellowship which is strong in proportion to the nearness of our relationship. Thus fellow-citizens are more closely bound together than foreigners, relatives than those who have no tie of blood: between such nature herself begets friendship, though it is one

that lacks strength. For true friendship has this advantage over mere closeness of relationship, that from the latter good will may be taken away, but never from friendship ; since when good will is lost the very name of friendship is destroyed, while that of relationship remains. How great the power of friendship is can best be seen from this, that in human fellowship, wide as it is, and established as it is by nature herself, the sphere of true and tender affection, is so narrowed that it exists only between two, or at most a few. ✓

For friendship is noth-

ing else than harmony of opinion and sentiment about all things human and divine, with good-will and affection : and no better thing than this, it seems to me,— unless we except wisdom,— has been given to man by the immortal gods. Some prefer wealth, some health, some power, some public honors, and very many pleasure. But the last is, as an end, worthy only of beasts, while the others are precarious and transitory, and depend not so much upon our own devices as upon luck. Some, on the other hand, regard virtue as the highest good, and their opin-

ion is a noble and true one; but it is this very virtue that begets and preserves friendship, for without virtue there can be no friendship at all.

Nor would I, like some philosophers,²⁹ define virtue, as I here employ the word, in grandiloquent terms, but rather in accordance with our ordinary habits of life and speech, citing as virtuous men those who have been esteemed to be so — the Pauli, the Catos, the Galli, the Scipios, the Phili. Ordinary human life finds such men quite good enough; and we may, accordingly, disregard those

ideal perfect beings³⁰ whom nobody has ever seen.

Among these good men of real life, however, friendship has advantages almost more numerous than I can name. For, in the first place, what life can be worth living, as Ennius³¹ says, which lacks the calm joy which flows from the mutual affection of friendship? What is sweeter than the possession of a friend with whom one can commune as with one's own soul? What enjoyment would there be in prosperity without one to rejoice in your good fortune as much as you do yourself? And adversity could hardly

be endured without the sympathetic friend who is more grieved than you by your misfortune.] In short, the other things that men strive for are fitted, almost always, for particular ends only — wealth for use, power for the securing of homage, honors for applause, pleasures for delight, health for freedom from pain and for the exercise of the bodily powers. Friendship, on the other hand, combines many [advantages. . . . Wherever you turn it is at hand. From no place is it shut out. It is never unseasonable. It never annoys.] And thus, as the proverb

says, we have as many uses for friendship as for fire and water. [Nor do I speak now of friendship of the common and ordinary sort,—though this is both pleasant and serviceable,—but of true and perfect love, like that of the few whose mutual affection has become famous. Friendship such as this makes prosperity more bright, and by dividing and sharing adversity lightens its weight.]

[Friendship,] moreover, not only comprises the most numerous and important practical advantages, but is also preëminent in this, that it throws

the light of a good hope forward into the future, and does not suffer us to become down-hearted or depressed. For he who beholds the face of a true friend sees, as it were, a duplicate of himself.] And so, though absent, they are present; though needy they do not lack; though weak they are strong; and, most marvelous of all, though dead they yet live: with such regard, such fond recollections, such tender love are they followed by their friends. Thus the death of those who depart seems blessed, and the life of those who remain worthy of praise.

If you should take away from nature the bond of good-will no home or city could survive, nor could even the cultivation of the fields go on. Indeed, if there is any doubt about the great power of friendship and harmony, it can be removed by a glance at the obvious results of strife and discord; for what house is so stable, what state so firmly based, that it cannot be overthrown to its foundations by disaffection and malice? From this you can judge of the value of friendship. A certain philosopher³² of Agrigentum, it is said, composed a poem, in

Greek, in which he sang that all things throughout the universe that move apart are dissevered by discord, while those that stand united are drawn together by love. But this all mortals understand, and prove its truth by their conduct. (For if some one does a notable service to a friend, either by seeking to incur or by sharing his dangers, who does not bestow upon such an act the highest praise?) What shouts shook the whole theater on the presentation of the new play³³ of my friend and guest Marcus Pacuvius³⁴ when — the king not knowing which

was Orestes — Pylades declared that he was Orestes in order that he might be slain in his friend's stead, while Orestes insisted that he was the true Orestes— as in fact he was! The spectators rose to their feet, and applauded to the echo this unreal scene: what may we suppose they would have done if they had seen the reality? In this episode nature herself showed her power when men approved in another conduct to which they would not have been equal themselves.

I have now stated, as well, I think, as I can, my thoughts about friendship.

If I have left anything unsaid — and I think there is much that might be added — seek it, if you will, from those who make a business of such discourses.

FANNIUS. We would rather hear it from you: though I have often put questions to those philosophers and heard their answers with pleasure. Your discourse, however, has a somewhat different stamp.

SCAEVOLA. You would say that more emphatically, Fannius, if you had been present recently in the gardens of Scipio when the conversation turned on the Republic. What

an advocate of justice he was when he answered the studied speech of Philus!

FANNIUS. It was easy for the most just of men to defend justice.

SCAEVOLA. And why not friendship? Is it not easy for him to defend it who has attained the highest renown for preserving it with the utmost fidelity, constancy, and equity?

LAELIUS. But this is to employ force! For what matters it how you compel me?—I am compelled beyond a doubt. For it is not easy, nor is it right, to refuse the earnest request of one's sons-in-law,

especially when they have so good a case.

□ In thinking of friendship, then, the question that has most often and forcibly occurred to me is this: whether friendship is to be sought because of a feeling of weakness and need, in order that by the giving and receiving of favors, each may obtain from his friend what he is least able to do for himself, and, in turn, may render his friend the same aid; or whether friendship — though this mutual aid-giving is one of its essential characteristics — has not another cause which is loftier, more lovely, and

founded more deeply in the very nature of man. For the inner sentiment of love, from which, in Latin,³⁵ the word "friendship" is derived, is the chief source of all outward friendly conduct. Profit, indeed, is often gained from those who are honored in pretended friendship only, and are esteemed only because they relieve the needs of their intimates; in true friendship, on the contrary, there is no feigning, no deceit, but whatever is done comes from a true heart and a free will. Wherefore it seems to me to spring from nature herself rather

than from a feeling of need — from a natural inclination together with a certain consciousness of loving rather than from calculation of the advantages that may flow from it.

Its true character may, in fact, be perceived even in some brutes, for they love their offspring for a time and are, in turn, so loved by them that this natural affection is easily discerned. In man, of course, this is much more clear; first of all in the natural affection which exists between parents and children, and which can be dissolved only by some

horrible crime; [and then in that similar feeling of love which springs up when we find some one whose nature and habits are in harmony with our own and in whom we think we see a bright example of integrity and virtue.] For there is nothing more lovable than virtue, nothing that more quickly wins affection; in fact, for their virtue and uprightness we love even those whom we have never seen. Who does not hold the memory of Caius Fabricius and Manius Curius in affectionate regard, though he never saw them? And who, on

the other hand, does not loathe Tarquinius Superbus³⁶, Spurius Cassius³⁷, and Spurius Maelius³⁸? Two generals, Pyrrhus³⁹ and Hannibal⁴⁰ fought for the conquest of Italy: the former we respect for his integrity, the latter we detest for his cruelty. But if the power of uprightness is so great that we are constrained to love it in those whom we have never seen, and even (which is more striking) in an enemy, is it wonderful that the souls of men are moved when they see the virtue and goodness of those with whom they can be intimate?

Love is, of course,

strengthened by the receipt of favors, by the perception of affection, and by habitual intercourse; and when these are added to the original loving impulse of the heart good will begins to glow with extraordinary ardor. But if any think that it is begotten by a sense of need — in order to have a friend who may give us what we lack — they assign to friendship, as it were, a mean and ignoble origin in tracing its birth to poverty and want. If this view of its origin were true, then each one would be fitted for friendship in proportion to the scanti-

ness of his resources; but this is far from being the case. For it is when one relies chiefly upon himself and is so thoroughly equipped with virtue and wisdom that he has need of no one, and regards his fortunes as dependent upon himself alone, that he excels in seeking and in preserving affection. How absurd not to admit this! Did Africanus have need of me? No, by Hercules! — nor I of him. For I was drawn to him by admiration of his virtue, and he loved me for the good opinion which, perhaps, he had formed of my character.] Habitual inter-

course only strengthened our mutual good-will.

But although the practical advantages that attended it were many and great, the true source of our friendship did not lie in the hope of obtaining them. We are not kind and generous in order that we may exact a return — for we do not put our good-will out at usury, but are by nature inclined to generosity; and in the same way, it seems to me, friendship should be sought not from the hope of pay but for the profit that is found in love itself.

From this opinion

those ⁴¹ who, like the brutes, refer everything to pleasure emphatically dissent. Nor is this strange. For men who have fixed all their thoughts upon an end so low and so ignoble cannot lift them to what is exalted, noble, and divine. Accordingly, we may dismiss these philosophers from our discussion; and we will assume it to be granted that the sentiment of love and the emotion of affectionate good-will are begotten in us by human nature itself, as soon as we clearly see uprightness of character in others. Those who seek this mutual affection are

drawn together and devote themselves to one another, that each may enjoy the character and companionship of the one he has begun to love. In love there is equality in all respects, and each is more eager to confer favors upon his friend than to demand them from him; in this matter there is, indeed, an honorable rivalry between them.

Thus will the greatest advantages be obtained from friendship, and its derivation from nature, rather than from need, will be more noble and more real. For if friendships were cemented by utility, the

impairment of their utility by change of circumstances would dissolve them; but true friendships are eternal, because nature cannot change.

This will suffice for the origin of friendship, unless you have something to say in reply to my argument.

FANNIUS. Nay, go on, Laelius; and I say this, as I have a right to do, both for Scaevola and myself, since he is the younger.

SCAEVOLA. I assent to that; and so let us listen.

LAELIUS. You shall hear, then, best of men, the opinions that Scipio and I expressed in our fre-

quent conversations on this theme. He thought, it is true, that nothing is more difficult than to retain friendship unimpaired until the end of life. For it may often happen that the private interests of friends conflict, or that they differ in opinion on public affairs. Our habits and dispositions, too, he used to say, change — a result sometimes of adversity, sometimes of advancing years. And as an illustration of this he would cite the experiences of childhood, for boys who love one another most ardently often lay aside at the same time the garb

of youth and their mutual affection. Even if these early loves last until the dawn of manhood, they are apt to be destroyed either by rivalry in marriage, or competition for some other advantage which both the friends cannot obtain. If they endure still longer, they are very likely to come to grief if the friends happen to contend for the same public honors. For there is, in many cases, no greater enemy of friendship than greed of gain; and between many excellent men, who have been the best of friends, bitter hatred is engendered by

the struggle for place and fame. Strong and often just dislikes, too, are begotten, when friends are asked for something that they cannot rightly grant, as, for example, aid in the gratification of lust or assistance in a crime. Those who deny such requests, however virtuously, are charged, by the friends they decline to aid, with treason to friendship; while those who make such demands profess, by the very fact, that they are willing to do anything whatever for a friend's sake. Such quarrels, when habitual, not only destroy intimacy but also often beget un-

dying hate. In fact, so many chances of shipwreck, Scipio would say, lie before friendship, that to escape them all, and come safely into port, would seem to depend not only upon exceptional wisdom but also upon rare good luck.

Let us, then, [consider first, if you will, how far love of our friends ought to influence our conduct.] For example, if Coriolanus⁴² had friends ought they to have borne arms with him against their native land? Ought the friends of Viscellinus⁴³ or those of Maelius, both of whom aimed at regal pow-

er, to have aided them in their designs? We have seen how Tiberius Gracchus⁴⁴ was abandoned by Quintus Tubero⁴⁵ and other friends when he disturbed the peace of the Republic. Yet Caius Blossius⁴⁶ of Cumæ,—the guest of your family, Scaevola,—when he came to me, then the legal adviser of Laenatus and Rupilius the consuls, seeking to avert punishment, offered as the reason why I should pardon him that he was so strongly attached to Tiberius Gracchus that he thought that he ought to do whatever Gracchus wished. But I said to him:

“Even if he had wished you to set fire to the Capitol?” “He would never have desired such a thing,” he replied, “but if he had desired it I would have done it.” That was the answer of a scoundrel! And, by Hercules, his conduct did not belie, but rather surpassed, his words; for instead of giving obedient assent to the audacious scheme of Gracchus he took a commanding part in it, showing himself to be a leader rather than a follower of his madness. As a result of this folly, terrified by the novel judicial proceedings which were set on foot against

him and his fellows, he fled to Asia, took refuge among our enemies, and finally paid a heavy and just penalty for his crime.

It is, then, no excuse for wrong-doing to say that you sinned for a friend's sake; indeed, since the belief of your friend in your virtue may have been the ground of his friendship, it is hard for that friendship to endure when you have wandered from virtue's ways. In fact, if we should hold it to be right to grant whatever our friends wish, and to ask from them whatever we desire, we should all need to be endowed with ab-

solute wisdom to keep our friendships free from blame. The friends we are talking about, however, are not these ideal wise men, but real men whom we know, whom we have seen with our own eyes, or of whom we have heard, and who are familiar figures in common life. It is from these that our examples must be taken; and those should be selected who approach most closely to true wisdom. We know, from what our fathers have handed down to us, that Aemilius⁴⁷ was very intimate with Luscinus,⁴⁸ for they were twice consuls to-

gether, and colleagues in the censorship; and there is a tradition, also, that Manius Curius and Tiberius Coruncanius were close friends of these men and of each other. But we cannot imagine that either of these men would have demanded from his friend anything that was contrary to good faith, to the obligations of an oath, or to the best interests of the State. What need is there of saying of such men that if one of them had demanded anything of that kind from his friend he would not have obtained it? For they were men of the utmost integ-

rity; and it is as wrong to grant an evil request as to make it. Yet Caius Carbo⁴⁹ and Caius Cato⁵⁰ supported Tiberius Gracchus, as did also his brother Caius,⁵¹ at the time with little ardor, it is true, but now most zealously.

Let this then be established as a law of friendship, that we should neither ask of our friends, nor do at their request, anything that is dishonorable; and the plea that one has acted in a friend's behalf is a base excuse to offer for any crime, and particularly for an offense against the State. For the present situation of the republic is such,

Fannius and Scaevola, that we ought to look far ahead for the dangers that may threaten it. Already it has, to some extent, occupied a different ground and followed a different course from those prescribed by the customs of our ancestors. Tiberius Gracchus attempted to become king; and in fact he did exercise regal power for a few months. When had the Roman people heard or seen anything like this? What, even after his death, the friends and relatives who followed him did to Publius Scipio⁵² I cannot mention without tears. We have borne

with Carbo⁵³ as well as we could, on account of the recent punishment of Tiberius Gracchus; but what I anticipate from the tribunate of Caius Gracchus I do not care to say.

Moreover, another evil is creeping upon us; and it is the tendency of such evils, when once they have sprung up, to move more and more swiftly to the catastrophe. For even before this you saw, in the matter of the ballot, how great degeneracy was shown first in the Gabinian law, and two years later in the Cassian.⁵⁴ Already I seem to see the people alienated from the

senate, and the most important affairs of state settled by the caprice of the mob; for more will know how these revolutionary movements may be effected than how to prevent them.

But why do I mention these things? Because no one attempts to compass such ends without the aid of associates. Good men should, therefore, be advised that if by any chance they unwittingly contract such friendships, they need not feel so bound by them that they cannot abandon friends who are guilty of a serious offense; and punishment should be visited

on all the guilty — as well upon those who are merely followers as upon those who are leaders in the crime. Who, in all Greece, was more renowned than Themistocles? ⁵⁵ who more powerful? Yet when, as commander in the Persian war, he had freed Greece from servitude, and through envy had been driven into exile, he did not bear as he ought the injuries inflicted by his ungrateful country. He did what twenty years before Coriolanus had done at Rome [sought refuge with his country's enemies]. But neither of these men found any one among his

fellow-citizens who would aid him in his attack upon his native land; and so both committed suicide. Such association with evil-doers, therefore, is not to be protected by the plea of friendship, but is rather to be punished with the utmost severity lest any one should imagine that it is permissible to follow a friend even to the point of making war upon one's country — a degree of baseness which, as things are going now, may, for aught I know, be reached in the future. For I am no less anxious about the course of public affairs after my death than I

am about their present condition.

Let this, then, be held to be the first law of friendship, that we should ask from our friends only what is right, and should do for them only what can honorably be granted. Nor should we wait until we are asked; there should be eagerness and no delay in such service. [We should venture also to give advice freely; for in friendship the influence of friends who advise wisely may be of great value.] Such admonition should be given frankly, and even sharply, if the occasion demands severity, and

when given should be obeyed.

Certain philosophers, who are regarded as wise men, I am told, by the Greeks, entertain strange opinions on this topic—for there is nothing which they do not argue about with subtlety: some, namely, hold that very close friendships are to be avoided lest it should become necessary for one to be anxious about others; that each has enough, and more than enough, to do in looking after his own affairs, while to be involved overmuch in the concerns of others is an annoyance; that friendship is most

pleasant when it is driven with loose reins, which can be tightened or relaxed at pleasure; and that the chief element in a happy life is freedom from care, which the soul cannot enjoy if it is, as it were, in travail for many friends. Others, they say, express a view which seems to me much less worthy of human nature,—and which I briefly criticized a little while ago,—namely, that friendships are to be sought for the sake of the protection and aid which they furnish and not of good-will and affection, and that the less self-trust and vigor a man has the more apt he is to look

for friends; from which it follows that women from their feebleness are more likely than men are to seek the protection afforded by friendships, as are also the poor more than the rich, and the unfortunate more than those who are esteemed lucky.

O marvelous wisdom!
[To rob life of friendship — the best and sweetest gift of the immortal gods — would be like robbing the heavens of the sun!] For what is that boasted freedom from care? It has an alluring aspect, but it often ought to be renounced; since it is not right to refuse to support

a good cause or do an honorable act, or to abandon one that has been undertaken, simply to avoid trouble. If we are to shun care, virtue also must be shunned, since it is, of necessity, at considerable pains to spurn and hate its opposites, as goodness spurns and hates wickedness, moderation lust, and courage cowardice. Thus, as you may see, the just are most distressed by injustice, the brave by pusillanimity, and the virtuous by license. To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is, in fact, an essential mark of a well-ordered mind.

And so if grief of heart and mind comes to the wise man,—as come it must, unless all human kindness be torn from his soul,—why should we totally remove friendship from our lives lest it bring us some annoyance? For when the emotions of the soul are taken away what difference is there—I will not say between men and cattle, but between men and stocks and stones? Wherefore give no heed to those who pretend that virtue is something hard and, so to say, tough as steel; it is in many matters, and especially in friendship, soft and so ductile

that it can, as it were, expand to fit the good fortune of a friend or contract to suit his griefs. Accordingly even that profound distress which must often be incurred for a friend's sake is not of sufficient weight to drive friendship out of our lives, any more than the occasional cares and annoyances which attend the virtues are adequate grounds for renouncing them.

As I have already said, I the clear perception of a virtuous character to which a kindred spirit can attach and devote itself produces friendship, and when this happens love necessarily

springs into being! For what can be so absurd as to be delighted by many intrinsically worthless things, such as public honors, fame, fine houses, and the clothing and adornment of the body, and not to be entranced by a soul endowed with virtue—one that can love and return love for love? Nothing is more delightful than the repaying of good-will, nothing sweeter than the interchange of personal affection and good offices. Nay, if we add to this, as we rightly may, that there is nothing that so allures and draws other things to itself as similarity of char-

acter does to friendship, it must surely be granted that the good love and attract the good as if they were joined to them by kinship and by nature; for nature is very desirous of its like and quick to grasp it.

This, then, in my opinion, is certain, Fannius and Scaevola, that between the good mutual good-will is, as it were, a necessity, and has been decreed by nature to be the fountain-head of friendship. But the same kindly feeling prevails throughout the mass of mankind. For virtue is not a thing apart from human nature, nor is it

unservicable, or proud. It even guards whole nations and gives them the wisest counsel; and this it surely would not do if it were averse to the love of mankind in general.

Now the most lovely bond of friendship is severed by those who falsely base it on utility; for it is not so much the benefit that is obtained from a friend that delights us as that friend's love itself; and what is done for us by a friend gives pleasure only when it is done from affection. In fact, so far is it from being true that friendships are fostered by a sense of need, that those

who on account of their wealth, resources, and especially their virtue — which is the greatest safeguard — have least need of others are most generous and liberal. I am not sure, indeed, that it would be well that our friends should never have need of us at all. For how could the strength of our affection have been shown if Scipio had never, at home or in the field, required my counsel and assistance? Our friendship, however, did not spring from the service, but rather the service from our friendship.

Men whose lives are devoted to pleasure ought

not, therefore, to be listened to when they talk about friendship, of which they know nothing either in theory or in practice. For who, by the faith of gods and men, would be willing to accept a life of luxury and a superabundance of all good things on the condition that he should love no one nor be loved by any! Only tyrants live a life like that — devoid of confidence, affection, and belief in any steadfast good-will: all is suspicion and anxiety, and there is no place for friendship. For who can love one whom he fears, or one by whom he thinks that he

is feared? Yet tyrants are flattered with a false show of friendship as long as they can be made of use; but if, as often happens, they are overthrown, their lack of true friends is at once manifest. Thus Tarquin, when he was exiled, is said to have declared that he could then tell which of his friends were faithful and which false, since he could no longer bestow favors upon either; though I doubt whether a man so proud and insolent could have had any friends at all.

While this man's evil character made it impossible for him to have friends,

it is also true that the wealth and power of those in high station often prevent the formation of faithful friendships. For not only is Fortune herself blind, but she also often blinds those whom she embraces. And so her favorites are almost always mad with pride and insolence; nor is there anything in creation more unbearable than a fool favored by fortune. One even sees many, who once possessed a genial character, so changed by the acquisition of power, civil authority, and wealth, that they scorn old friendships and become absorbed in new. **B**ut, when

they have abundant resources, ability, and wealth, what can be more silly than to procure horses, servants, costly clothing, rare vases, and everything else that money can buy, yet not to procure friends, who are, so to say, the best and choicest furniture of life? For when they buy those other material things they know not for whom they buy them, nor for whose sake they toil; since everything of that kind belongs to him who has the power to take it. Friendships, on the other hand, are for each of us a fixed and absolute possession; so that even with all the so-called gifts

of fortune, a life unadorned and deserted by friends cannot be happy. But enough on this topic.

We must now determine what are the limits of friendship and, as it were, the bounds of love. On this point I find that three opinions are proposed, none of which commands my approval. The first is, that we should be disposed toward our friends exactly as we are toward ourselves; the second, that we should have precisely the same amount of good-will toward them that they have toward us; and the third, that at whatever value one rates himself

he should be rated by his friends.

With no one of these three opinions can I entirely agree. It is not true, as the first would have it, that we should feel toward a friend only just what we feel toward ourselves; for how many things we are ready to do for our friends which we would never do for ourselves! In their behalf we will request, and even beg, favors of those whom we despise, or attack some one bitterly or even with violence — acts which would not be proper if done for ourselves but which are most honorable when performed for our

friends. There are also many ways in which good men diminish their own comforts, and suffer them to be diminished, in order that their friends may enjoy them instead.

The second opinion, which limits friendship to an exactly equal interchange of good-will and good offices, is also inadmissible ; for it minutely and meanly reduces affection to a matter of reckoning—a balancing of debits and credits. True friendship, on the other hand, seems to me to be too rich and liberal to consider nicely whether it is returning more than it has re-

ceived. In filling the measure of friendship there should be no fear lest something should leak out or fall to the ground, or lest more than the due amount should be put in.

But the third rule — that each should be valued by his friends as he values himself — is the meanest of all; for there are many who are apt to become depressed about themselves and to have little hope of bettering their fortunes. It is the duty of a friend, therefore, not to be to such an one what he is to himself, but on the contrary to endeavor to lighten his disheartenment and give

him fresh hope and pleasanter thoughts.

It remains, then, for us to establish another limit for true friendship; but first let me tell you what Scipio was wont to censure most of all. He used to assert that nothing more inimical to friendship could be found than the saying that we ought to love as if at some future time we might have occasion to hate; nor could he be brought to believe that this—as is commonly supposed—was a maxim of Bias⁵⁶, who was regarded as one of the seven wise men; but he thought it to be rather the opinion of some sordid

seeker after honors who would make everything serve his own ends. For how could any one be a friend to one to whom, at the same time, he thought he might be an enemy? Nay, it would even be necessary strongly to desire that our friend might offend as often as possible, in order that he might give us, as it were, many handles for reproof; and, on the other hand to be distressed, pained, and offended by everything friends do that is right and obliging. This maxim, therefore, whoever originated it, amounts to the destruction of friendship.

The true rule, on the contrary, he said, is that we should use such care in selecting our friends that we would never begin to love one whom we could ever hate. Even if we are not very fortunate in our choice of friends, it is better, Scipio thought, to put up with our bad luck, than to consider the possibility of future enmity.

These, in my opinion, are to be taken as the terms of friendship; that when the characters of the friends are without blame, there may be between them a complete community of all interests, plans, and desires; and that if occasion

comes to aid friends by promoting wishes of theirs that are not strictly right, and their lives or reputations are at stake, it is permissible to deviate from the path of rectitude, provided no great dishonor result: since there is a point up to which such indulgence can be granted to friendship. But our good reputation ought not to be neglected, nor should we regard the good-will of our fellow-citizens as an unimportant aid in the conduct of our affairs, though it is base to seek it by complaisance and flattering assent; and virtue, which wins the affec-

tion of our fellows, ought least of all to be sacrificed.

But he used to complain — for I return often to Scipio, who spoke on every opportunity about friendship — that men are less painstaking in friendship than in other matters. Every one knows, he would say, how many goats and sheep he has, but he cannot tell the number of his friends; and men use care in choosing their cattle, but are careless in selecting their friends, nor have they any criteria by which they can distinguish those who are suited to friendship from those who are not. Those

should be chosen as friends who are firm, steadfast, and unchangeable — a kind of man of which there is a great scarcity, and which can hardly be distinguished without considerable experience; this experience, however, can be obtained only in friendship itself; and so friendship outruns the judgment, and makes a fair experiment impossible. It is therefore the part of a prudent man to hold in check the impulse of good-will, as one holds a chariot in its course, that, just as we use only well-tried horses, we may use in friendship only friends whose characters

have been in some measure tested.

The worthlessness of some friends appears in matters involving a little money; while others, who are not affected by a small pecuniary consideration show their true character when the amount is large. And even if there are some who regard it as sordid to think more of money than of their friends, where shall we find men who will not prefer to friendship public honors, civil office, military commands, power, and resources, and, when the claims of friendship are placed on the one hand, and these objects of ambi-

tion on the other, will not promptly choose the latter? For human nature is too weak to despise power; and those who rise to place and power on the ruins of friendship believe that their fault will be overlooked, because they neglected friendship for so weighty a reason. Accordingly, true friendships are seldom found among those who are in public office and bear the burdens and honors of the state. For where will you find one who will prefer the advancement of his friend in public office and honors to his own? Why should I say more?

To pass over this adverse influence of ambition, how difficult and how burdensome seems to most men participation in the misfortunes of others! — a fellowship to which few condescend. Though Ennius says rightly, “The faithful friend is seen when fortune wavers,” yet by one of two things are most people convicted of fickleness and weakness, — either by despising their friends in their own prosperity, or by deserting them in their adversity. Whoever, in either particular, has proved himself noble, unswerving, and steadfast in friendship deserves to

be regarded as belonging to a very rare and almost divine class of men.

The chief support of that stability and constancy which we seek in friendship is good faith: for nothing is stable that is unfaithful. Moreover, the choice of a friend should fall upon one who is sincere, congenial, and interested in the same things that interest us: and all these things pertain to fidelity, since a nature that is faithful cannot also be fickle and wily, nor can one who does not share his friend's interests, and is not like-minded, be faithful and steadfast. To this

is to be added that one should never take pleasure in finding fault with one's friends, nor be ready to believe the charges that may be brought against them: this, too, is essential to the constancy of which I have just spoken. From this it follows, as I said at the beginning, that true friendship can exist only between the good. For it is the part of a good man — and we may also say of a wise man, since they are identical — to hold fast in friendship to two things: namely, first to avoid all pretense and dissimulation, since it is more worthy of a frank man to

hate openly than to hide his feelings by his looks; and second, not only to repel accusations that are brought against his friend by others but also not to be suspicious himself nor be always thinking that his friend has done something to offend him. There should also be a certain gentleness and courtesy of manners and of conversation, for this gives friendship not a little of its relish. For melancholy and a prevailing austerity of manner lend dignity, it is true; but friendship should be more cheerful, more unconstrained, more genial, and more disposed to all

that promotes good-fellowship and affability.

At this point arises a question of slight difficulty, namely, whether new friends who are worthy of our friendship are ever to be preferred to the old, as we prefer young and fresh horses to those that are old and worn out. Unworthy doubt! For there ought to be no satiety in friendship as there is in other things, but, like wines that improve with age, the older it is the more delicious it should be; and the proverb is true, that many pecks of salt must be eaten together ere the work of friendship is fully

done. New friendships, if, like thrifty plants, they give promise of fruit, are not, of course, to be rejected, but old friends must keep their own places in our hearts: for great is the value of long-continued companionship. Nay, one would rather use the horse — to recur to that illustration — to which he is accustomed, provided he is still sound, than one that is strange and ill broken. Moreover, habit has this power with regard to inanimate as well as animate things, for we are delighted by those scenes in which we have long dwelt, however rough and rugged

they may be with mountains and forests.

It is very important in friendship to conduct oneself as an equal with intimates who are one's inferiors; for in a group of friends it often happens that some surpass the rest in ability or character, as did Scipio in our flock — if I may use the word. Yet he avoided all assumption of superiority to Philus,⁵⁷ or to Rupilius,⁵⁸ or to Mummius, or to any of his less distinguished friends; nay, he always regarded as his superior, on account of greater age, his brother Maximus,⁵⁹ who was a very excellent man,

but by no means Scipio's equal; and he wished all his friends to become richer and more distinguished through his aid. In this all ought to copy him, and if they have attained some preëminence in virtue, talent, or fortune, ought to impart it to, and share it with, those to whom they are most closely related. Thus, if one is born of humble parents, or has relatives who are inferior in ability or fortune, he ought to increase their wealth and bestow honor and dignity upon them; just as in legends those who have lived for a while as menials, in ignorance of

their true birth and descent, and have been discovered to be the sons of kings or of the gods, retain their affection for the shepherds whom for many years they have supposed to be their fathers. To act thus toward fathers who are known to be such in reality there is, of course, much greater obligation: for the best fruits of talent, of virtue, and of every kind of preëminence, are really ours only when we bestow them upon our nearest and dearest.

While those who possess this superiority in the bond of friendship, or in any other relationship,

ought to put themselves on an equality with their inferiors, it is equally true that the latter ought not to be vexed on finding themselves excelled by their friends in talents, fortune, or rank ; yet most of them are always finding some reason for complaints, or even for reproaches, especially if they think that they can point to some service which they have rendered dutifully, with affection, and with the expenditure of considerable effort. Men of this kind, who are always casting in your teeth the favors they have done you, are, of course, most offensive : for

favors ought to be remembered by the one who has received them, but they should not be mentioned by the one who conferred them. Accordingly, in friendship, those who are superior ought to condescend to those who are below them, and ought also, as far as possible, to raise their inferiors up to their own level. For there are some who turn friendship into a nuisance when they think that their friends hold them in low esteem; though this is scarcely ever the fact except in the case of those who have but a poor opinion of themselves. Those who feel

thus should be raised in their own esteem by friendly words and deeds.

The amount, however, that ought to be bestowed on any one should be measured first by what you are yourself able to accomplish, and secondly by what the one whom you love and would aid has the capacity to receive; for however great may be your abilities and influence, you cannot lift all your friends to the highest dignities. Thus Scipio was able to bring about the election of Publius Rupilius⁶⁰ to the consulship, but he could not do as much for Rupilius'

brother Lucius.⁶¹ But even if you are able to do anything you wish for another, you ought to consider his capacity.

In general, friendships can best be judged when maturity of years and character has been reached; nor need we think that we must hold as fast friends all our lives those who were, in youth, our companions in hunting or in games, and to whom we were attached because they liked the same sports. For on such grounds those who were our nurses and slave attendants in childhood would, on account of long intimacy, demand the most

affection; nor ought they to be neglected, though they should occupy in our regard a different position from that which our friends hold. Friendships which do not thus receive the sanction of mature judgment, but are based merely on early association, cannot last. For unlike characters result from unlike pursuits, and such disparity destroys friendships; nor is there any reason why the good cannot be friends of the bad, nor the bad of the good, except that the diversity between them, both in character and pursuits, is the very greatest that is possible.

It is well, also, to lay down the rule that immoderate affection should not, as often happens, be permitted to stand in the way of important services that friends can render. Thus — to borrow another illustration from the legends — Neoptolemus⁶² could not have taken Troy if he had been willing to listen to Lycomedes⁶³, who had brought him up, and who, with many tears, attempted to dissuade him from his journey. There are also important occasions when for a time friends must part; and whoever desires to prevent this, because he cannot en-

dure the grief which absence brings, is weak and unmanly in character, and for that very reason an imperfect friend. In short, one should in all things consider what one may ask from a friend, and what one can allow his friend to obtain from him.

The breaking-off of friendships is sometimes, however, a misfortune that cannot be avoided; and in saying this I descend from the intimacies of the wise to ordinary friendships. Often faults are committed by friends either against their intimates or against strangers, and in the latter case the shame

is reflected upon those who are their friends. In such cases it is well to get rid of friendship by lessening intercourse, and, as I have heard that Cato said, by drawing out the threads rather than by cutting them asunder; unless the offense that has been committed is so unendurable that it is neither honorable nor right that the separation should not be effected at once. But if some change of character or of pursuits has occurred, as is often the case, or if a difference of opinion with regard to public affairs has arisen, — I am speaking, as I have just said, not of the

friendships of the wise but of ordinary ones,—one should take care lest there may seem to be not merely an abandonment of friendship, but also a kindling of enmity; for nothing is more repulsive than to become an enemy to one with whom you have lived as an intimate friend. Scipio, as you know, gave up, on my account, his friendly relations with Quintus Pompeius;⁶⁴ he was also alienated by certain political differences from our colleague Metellus;⁶⁵ but in both cases he acted with dignity, and without an offensive use

of his personal authority or bitter hostility.

Accordingly, we should first of all endeavor to prevent disaffection from coming between friends; but when anything of the kind has happened, let our friendships seem to die a natural death rather than to be destroyed with violence. See to it, also, that friendships do not become transformed into bitter enmities, from which spring wranglings, abuse, and insults; yet if these can in any way be borne they should be endured, and in this way the friendship that is gone should be honored, that he who inflicts the

injury may be seen to be in the wrong, not he who suffers it. Against all these errors and misfortunes there is one preventive and guaranty — the avoidance of haste in forming attachments and the choice of worthy objects of affection.

Those, moreover, are worthy of friendship in whose very nature there is a reason why they should be loved. But how few such men there are? Indeed all things that are excellent are rare, and nothing is harder than to find anything that is, in every respect, perfect of its kind. The majority of men, moreover, recognize

nothing in human affairs as good unless it yields some return, and they love those friends most — as they do their cattle — from whom they hope to obtain the most profit. Thus they lack that loveliest and most natural form of friendship which is sought for its own sake only; nor do they know from experience how beautiful and how lofty such friendship is. One loves oneself, not that one may exact from oneself pay for one's love, but because each of us is by nature dear to himself. But unless this same feeling is transferred to friendship, a true friend can

never be found; for such a friend is, as it were, a second self. Now if we find that all animals—birds, fishes, and beasts, tame and wild—first love themselves (for that is an instinct natural to every living thing), and then desire and seek others of their kind to which they may attach themselves, and do this with affection and something that looks very much like human love, how much more natural is this in man, who both loves himself and also demands another whose heart shall be so blended with his that the two shall almost become one soul!

Most, however, perversely — not to say shamelessly — desire to have friends whose character is what their own cannot be ; and they demand from them what they cannot themselves give in return. The right course, however, is for one to be first of all a good man and then to seek out another like himself. In such men that stability of friendship which I touched upon a little while ago can be perfected ; since when they are united in mutual good-will they will curb those lower desires by which others are enslaved. They will also delight in uprightness and justice,

and each will bear anything for the other's sake, nor will either ask from the other anything that is not honorable and right: [they will not only cherish and love, they will even reverence one another.] For to take away mutual respect is to remove the choicest ornament of friendship. Accordingly, they commit a most harmful error who suppose that friendship opens the door to lust and evil practices of all kinds. For nature has given us friendship, not as a companion to the vices, but as an assistant to the virtues, in order that with its help virtue may

reach heights to which unaided it could not attain. If any now have, or have possessed, or shall attain such fellowship, it should be regarded as the very best and happiest companionship that is possible, since it leads to the highest good that nature has to give. This, I say, is the fellowship in which are all things that men deem worthy of pursuit,—honorable character, fame, peace of mind, and joy,—so that with these things life is happy, but without them it can have no happiness at all.

But if we would attain this highest and best of

good things, we must be at pains to cultivate virtue, for without it we can secure neither friendship nor anything else that is worth seeking. If it is neglected, those who think that they possess true friends find, when some serious emergency forces them to put their friends to the test, that they have made a grievous mistake. Accordingly — for this should often be repeated — it is best to love after you have reached a full and deliberate judgment, and not to form your judgment after you have loved. But we are blamable for negligence in many things, and espe-

cially in the choosing and retaining of friends : for we adopt plans that begin at the wrong end, and do over again what has already been done, which is forbidden by the old proverb. After we have formed a close mutual attachment through daily intercourse or interchange of good offices, suddenly, in mid career, some occasion of offense arises and our friendship is broken off.

This great lack of care, moreover, is especially blameworthy in a matter of such very great importance ; for friendship is the only thing in human af-

fairs about whose usefulness men agree unanimously. Even virtue is depreciated by many, who say that it is a sort of ostentatious display and pretense. Many scorn riches, since they are content with a little, and are satisfied with frugal fare and a simple style of living; public honors, also, which arouse the eager desire of some, are scorned by others who think that nothing can be more idle or more trifling; and the same is true of all the other things which to some seem admirable, for there are always very many others who regard them as of not the slightest account.

About friendship, however, all, to the last man, agree — whether they devote themselves to politics or take pleasure in philosophical studies, or carry on their business apart from public affairs, or, finally, are wholly absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure — that without friendship there can be no life worth living, provided they desire to live to any extent as becomes men who are not slaves.

For friendship entwines itself somehow about the lives of all; nor is any mode of life unacquainted with it. Nay, even when one is so bitter and mis-

anthropical that he hates and shuns society,—like Timon of Athens in the legend, if there ever was such a person,—he still must have some one into whose ears he can pour his gall. As the best illustration of this universal need, suppose — if such a thing could happen — that some god should take us away from the haunts of men and place us somewhere in solitude, supplying us with all and more than all that human nature craves, but denying us absolutely the privilege of looking upon the face of a fellow-being. Who is of metal tough enough to en-

dure such a life? Would not this solitude destroy, for any one, the enjoyment of every kind of pleasure? That saying, therefore, is true which, if I am not mistaken, was handed down through our elders, from those older than they, as originating with Archytas⁶⁶ of Tarentum — that even if one should ascend into the heavens, and see clearly into the nature of the universe and behold the splendor of the stars, all these wonderful and entrancing things would give him no delight unless he had some friend to whom he could describe them. [Thus human na-

ture loves not to be solitary, but always leans, as it were, on some support ; and the sweetest of all such supports is a very loving friend.] But while nature in so many ways makes known what she wishes, requires, and longs for, we, somehow or other, grow deaf and do not hear her admonitions.

There are numerous and diverse modes of intercourse between friends, and many causes of suspicion and offense arise which it is the part of a wise man sometimes to avoid, sometimes to lessen, and sometimes to endure. One cause of offense, however,

must always be endured, that friendship may retain its utility and good faith be kept between friends; for friends should often be admonished and even sharply reproved, and such reproof when kindly given should be received in a friendly spirit. Yet somehow it is true, as my friend Terence⁶⁷ says in his "Andria," that "complaisance begets friends, truth hatred." Truth is, indeed, troublesome if in fact hatred, which is the bane of friendship, is begotten by it; but complaisance is much more injurious because by weak indulgence of wrong-doing it permits

a friend to be borne headlong into evil; the greatest guilt, however, is his who spurns the truth and lets himself be carried away by the complacency of his friends into self-deception. Accordingly, as regards this whole matter, we should be extremely careful to keep our advice free from harshness, and our reproof from bitterness; in complacency (so far as it is right) on the other hand—for I use with pleasure the words of Terence—let courtesy be present, but let flattery, that handmaid of the vices, be kept far away, since it is unworthy not only of a friend

but of any man who is not a slave. For it is one thing to live with a tyrant, and another to live with a friend.

There is no salvation for the man whose ears are so tightly closed to the truth that he will not hear it from a friend. This saying of Cato's — like many others — is well-known: “Many owe more to their bitter enemies than to the friends that seem sweet; for the former often tell them the truth, the latter never.” And it is absurd for those who receive admonition not to be troubled by that which ought to distress them, but, on the

contrary, to be irritated by that which ought to give them no annoyance. That they have done wrong does not trouble them; it is the reproof that they find hard to bear: they ought, on the contrary, to grieve over their sins and rejoice in correction.

Since, then, it is essential to true friendship both to give and to receive admonition, and to do the one freely and kindly and the other patiently and willingly, it should be admitted that there is no greater plague of friendship than sycophancy, complacency, and flattery; for this vice of unprinci-

pled and treacherous men, who in all they say seek to gratify the wishes of their friends, and have no regard for the truth, ought to be branded under as many names as possible. While insincerity is in all cases reprehensible, — because it defiles the truth and takes away the power of judging it, — it is especially antagonistic to friendship, since it destroys truthfulness, without which the name of friendship has no significance. For the power of friendship lies in this, that several souls are, as it were, united in one; but how can this be effected unless the mind

of each and every one is always one and the same, and not variable, changeable, and manifold? And what can be so pliant, so variable, as the mind of one who is turned about like a weathercock, not only by the views and wishes of another, but even by his look and nod?

“If any one says no, I say no; if yes, I say yes; in short, my rule is to assent to everything,” as Terence says, but in the character of Gnatho.⁶⁸ To have anything to do with friends of this sort is utter folly. Yet there are many like Gnatho who are his superiors in lineage, for-

tune, and reputation, and whose flattery is more injurious, since their influence gives weight to their empty words.

Moreover, a smooth-tongued friend may be known and distinguished from a true one, by the use of proper care, as readily as other disguised and counterfeited things can be discriminated from what is real and genuine. Even the popular assembly, though it consists of people without experience in public affairs, is wont to note the difference between a demagogue — that is, one who is a mere flatterer and trifler — and a steadfast,

weighty, and dignified citizen. With what alluring words Caius Papi-rius⁶⁹ lately filled the ears of the assembly when he proposed the law for the reëlection of the tribunes of the people! I opposed it; but I would rather speak of Scipio than of myself. So imposing, ye immortal gods, was the dignity of his manner, so great was the majesty of his address, that one might easily have thought him to be the leader of the Roman people rather than a private citizen! But you were present and his speech is in everybody's hands. The result was that the

demagogical law was rejected by the votes of the people. But, to return to myself, you remember how popular, in the consulship of Quintus Maximus, the brother of Scipio, and Lucius Mancinus, seemed to be the law of Caius Licinius Crassus⁷⁰ about the priests, by which the power of filling vacancies in the colleges of priests was to be taken away from those bodies and made a privilege of the people. Crassus then first introduced the custom of turning toward the forum⁷¹ to address the people. Yet when I arose in its defense, the religion

of the immortal gods easily overcame his plausible speech. This happened when I was praetor, five years before I became consul; hence the cause was won more by its own merits than through any great influence of mine.

But if on the stage,—that is, in the popular assembly, which is much the same thing,—where there is the most favorable opportunity for the play of fancy and illusion, the truth produces such a mighty effect when it is presented clearly and sharply, what ought to be its effect in friendship which depends entirely

upon truthfulness? For in friendship you can have nothing that can be trusted, nothing sure, unless, as they say, you can look into the open heart of your friend and reveal your own; you cannot even be certain of loving or being loved, since you cannot know how much of reality there may be in either. And yet that flattery which I last mentioned, harmful as it is, can injure only the one who accepts it and is pleased by it. And so it happens that he who flatters himself and is excessively pleased with himself is the one who most readily turns a willing ear

to flatterers. Virtue, to be sure, loves itself, for it best knows itself and understands how lovable it is: but I am not speaking now of virtue, but of an exaggerated belief in one's own virtue: and the number of those endowed with real virtue is not so great as of those who desire to appear to possess it. Such men are delighted by flattery; and when lying words, chosen to suit their wishes, are addressed to them, they think that such deceitful speeches bear witness to their exalted merits.

Friendship, therefore, in which one party does not

want to hear the truth and the other is ready to lie is not friendship at all. Nor would the flatteries placed in the mouths of parasites on the comic stage amuse us if there were not also in the plays braggadocios⁷² to be fooled by them.

“Heartily, of course, did Thais thank me?”⁷³ It would have been enough to reply: “Yes, heartily.” But the parasite says: “Tremendously!” The flatterer always exaggerates what the one whose ear he is tickling wishes to have seem great. Yet, while such glib deceitfulness influences only those who themselves attract and in-

vite it, even those who have more sober and steadfast minds ought to be advised to beware lest they be caught by flattery of a more cunning kind. No one, unless he is very stupid, fails to detect an open flatterer; but it is well to take care that the clever and sly flatterer does not worm his way into our confidence. For it is not easy to recognize him; especially since he often flatters by offering opposition and pleases by feigning to dispute, and then at the end throws up his hands and admits defeat in order that the one he is deluding may think himself the

clearer-headed man. But what is more shameful than to be played with in this fashion? Look out that it does not happen to you as in the play:⁷⁴ “To-day you’ve hoaxed and cheated me beyond the lot of stupid old men in the comedies.” For in comic plays the most ridiculous characters are those of unwary and credulous old men.

But in some way my discourse has wandered from the friendships of perfect men, that is, of the wise—I speak, of course, of such wisdom as can fall to the lot of man—to those of a less weighty kind. Let us revert, then,

briefly to the former topic, and then bring this also to a conclusion.

It is virtue, I say, Caius Fannius and Quintus Mucius — it is virtue that both induces and preserves friendships; for in it are agreement in all things, stability, and steadfastness. When it has exhibited itself, and has shed abroad its beams, and has perceived and recognized the same light in another, it approaches that light and receives in turn what the other has to impart; and from this interchange love or friendship — call it which you will — is enkindled. For both

these words are, in Latin, derived from "loving."⁷⁵ Moreover, to love is nothing but to have affection for the one you love, without any thought of a need on your part which he can relieve, or of any service that he can render; though such service, however little you may have sought it, will blossom out the fairest flower of friendship.

With such affection I, in my youth, loved those old men, Lucius Paulus, Marcus Cato, Caius Gal-
lus, Publius Nasica, and Tiberius Gracchus,⁷⁶ my Scipio's father-in-law; yet this affection is more notable when it exists be-

tween those of the same age, as it did between myself and Scipio, Lucius Furius, Publius Rupilius. and Spurius Mummius. As an old man, on the other hand, I have, in my turn, found repose and pleasure in the attachment of young men, as in yours and in that of Quintus Tubero; and I take delight also in the intimacy of Publius Rutilius and Aulus Virginius, who are almost boys.

Inasmuch as it is the established order of nature and of human life that a generation different from ours must take our places, it is greatly to be desired

that, if possible, we should reach the goal, as it were, with those of our own age with whom we started in the race; but since human life is so frail and so uncertain it is well to be always on the watch for younger men whom we may love and who may love us; for if affection and kindness are taken away from us all the happiness of life is lost.

For me, indeed, Scipio yet lives and always will live, torn from me though he was suddenly by death; for I loved the virtue of that noble man, and over this death has had no power.

Nor is it visible to me alone, since I have always had it close before me; it will always stand out radiant and illustrious in the sight of future ages. Hereafter no one will ever undertake or venture to hope for what is great and glorious without calling to mind his character and adopting it as a model. Nay, there is not one of all the gifts that nature or good fortune has bestowed upon me that I can compare with the friendship of Scipio. It gave me sympathy in public affairs, wise counsel in my private concerns, and a repose that was full of

all delight. Never in the least did I offend him, as far as I know; not a word did he speak that I was unwilling to hear; we had one home, one table, and that a frugal one; and we were together not only in our military campaigns, but even in our journeys and our vacations in the country.

Need I speak of those studious pursuits — that eager quest of knowledge and learning — in which, secluded from public observation, we spent all our leisure hours?

If the memory of these things, or the power to recall them, had perished

with him, I could not now endure my intense longing for that dear and very loving friend. But they have not perished; they rather grow stronger and are increased in my memory and reflections; and even if I were wholly deprived of them, I should still obtain great comfort from the fact that I am old, for I know that I shall have to bear my grief only for a little while.

All sorrows, even the most intense, should be endurable when they are brief.

This is what I had to say to you about friendship; and I beg you to

give to virtue so high a place in your esteem that it shall be the only thing that you prefer to friendship, which without virtue cannot exist.

NOTES

THE "De Amicitia," or "Laelius," was written in 44 B. C., a little later than the "De Senectute," or "Cato Major," and at the request of Titus Pomponius Atticus (see note 6), to whom both these treatises were addressed. It appeared at the close of a period of political inaction, but of great literary activity, in the life of Cicero, following the defeat of Pompey (at Pharsalus, August 9, 48 B. C.), whose cause he had espoused, and just preceding his quarrel with Antony and his assassination (December 7, 43 B. C.), by order of the second Triumvirate. Composed thus in a time of fierce civil strife, when the choice of party was often determined by

personal relations toward the various leaders, it was designed, in part, to show both the importance of friendship to the welfare of the state, and the necessity of subordinating it to virtue and patriotism; for the same reason the scene of the dialogue was fittingly placed in the age of the Gracchi which was marked by a like political unrest. Beyond this the discussion of friendship follows the lead of ancient ethics (of which this subject formed an essential part), considering and refuting, in particular, the opinions of the Stoics and Epicureans. The more important names and references are explained in the following notes :

1. *Quintus Mucius Scaevola*, a distinguished jurist and statesman. He became tribune of the people in 128 B. C., plebeian edile in 125, governor of the province of Asia in 121, and consul, with

L. Caecilius Metellus, in 117. It was the function of the college of Augurs, of which he was a member, to interpret the auspices (signs from the heavens, the direction of the flight of birds, etc.), with reference to proposed action on the part of the State, and to determine their validity. The office, which was for life, was one of great dignity and importance (for it involved, practically, a veto upon all public acts), and was sought by the most eminent men.

2. *Caius Laelius Sapiens* (*the Wise*), eminent as a statesman and orator, and especially as a scholar and patron of learning, was born about 186 B. C., became tribune of the people in 151, pretor in 145, and consul in 140. A successful campaign against the Lusitanian chief Viriathus gained him also considerable reputation as a soldier.

In politics, though he at first favored various measures designed to improve the condition of the lower classes, he became an ardent opponent of the popular movement represented by the Gracchi (see notes 44, 51). He was an eager student of Greek philosophy under the guidance of the Stoic Panaetius, and in his time was the exponent of Greek culture at Rome. His friendship for the younger Africanus was paralleled by that of his father (also Caius Laelius) for Scipio Africanus the Elder.

3. The Quintus Mucius above mentioned.

4. *Quintus Mucius Scaevola*, a noted jurist, the author of the first systematic treatise on the civil law. He was tribune of the people in 106 B. C., curule edile in 104, and consul, with L. Licinius Crassus, in 95. He was proscribed by the party of

Marius and was slain in 82 B. C. As Pontifex Maximus he was the head of the college of pontiffs and the supreme religious authority in the state.

5. A hall or colonnade provided with semicircular recesses, and used for purposes of conversation; or a large semicircular alcove.

6. *Titus Pomponius Atticus*, a scholar and bookseller, author of an epitome of Roman history, but best known as the intimate friend of Cicero. He was born in 109 B. C., and died 32 B. C.

7. *Publius Sulpicius Rufus*, an eminent orator and politician, born in 124 B. C. Originally an aristocrat in politics, after his election to the tribunate in 88 B. C. he proposed reforms which were fiercely opposed by the senate, and finally went over to Marius and the popular party. In the same year he was pro-

scribed by order of Sulla and put to death.

8. *Quintus Pompeius Rufus*, consul with L. Sulla in 88 B. C. He adhered to the aristocratic party and Sulla — a difference in politics which caused the loss of Sulpicius's friendship.

9. *Caius Fannius Strabo*, an orator and scholar, author of a history of his own time. He served under Scipio in the last war against Carthage, and with Tiberius Gracchus was the first to scale its walls.

10. *Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus Africanus Minor*, a famous general and statesman, born about 185 B. C. He was the son of L. Aemilianus Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, and was adopted by his cousin, P. Scipio, a son of Scipio Africanus Major, the conqueror of Hannibal. He served with distinction in Greece, Spain, and Africa,

and captured Carthage in 146 and Numantia in 133. He became consul in 147, and again in 134; in 142 he was chosen censor, an office which he administered with the rigid and conservative spirit of Cato. In politics he stood at the head of the aristocratic party, though in the earlier part of his career he showed himself not averse to certain popular reforms. The excesses of the popular party aroused in him the most earnest and effective antagonism. On the day before his death, in 129 B. C., he delivered an eloquent oration in the Senate in support of a measure which was favorable to the allied communities of Latins and Italians, but which amounted to the abrogation of the agrarian law of Tib. Gracchus (see note 44). On the following morning he was found in his room dead. He had

doubtless been murdered. He was also a scholar and a noted orator.

11. *Marcus Porcius Cato* (born 234 B. C.: died 149 B. C.), called *Major* (the Elder) to distinguish him from *Cato Uticensis* (see note 14). He became censor in 184, and is famous for his efforts, in that office, to restore the morals and customs of the earlier days of the Republic. Cicero's treatise "De Senectute," or "Cato Major" was written 45-44 B. C.

12. The Africanus above mentioned (note 10).

13. A jurist (lived about 200 B. C.), author of a commentary on the Twelve Tables. He was the first to receive the cognomen *Sapiens* (the wise), a title afterward often given to jurists.

14. *Marcus Porcius Cato Uticensis* ("of Utica," the place of his death), a soldier, statesman,

and Stoic philosopher, born in 95 B. C. He supported Pompey against Caesar, and committed suicide in 46 B. C. after the victory of Caesar at Thapsus over the troops led by Scipio Metellus, Juba, and himself.

15. Socrates.

16. *M. Porcius Cato Licinianus*. He attained distinction as a jurist and a soldier, and died about 152 B. C.

17. *L. Aemilius Paulus Macedonicus*, conqueror of Perseus at Pydna and subjugator of Macedonia (168 B. C.). He was the father of Scipio. He was born about 229 B. C., became consul in 168, and censor in 164, and died in 160.

18. *Caius Sulpicius Gallus*, an orator and scholar, noted particularly for his knowledge of Greek and astronomy. He was consul in 166 B. C.

19. The Stoics, who taught

that the wise man should not permit his mind to be disturbed by joy or grief.

20. The Epicureans, whose materialistic doctrines, together with those of the other Greek schools of philosophy, began to be taught at Rome about the time of Laelius.

21. The Greek colonies in southern Italy, the seats of famous schools of philosophy, among them that of Pythagoras which taught the continued existence of the soul after death.

22. *Lucius Furius Philus*, a general in the Numantine war, and consul B. C. 136.

23. *Manius Manilius*, a jurist and commander at the beginning of the third Punic war. He was consul in 149 B. C.

24. *Somnium Scipionis* ("Scipio's Dream"), a famous passage in the sixth book of Cicero's "De Republica."

25. The Stoics.

26. *Caius Fabricius Luscinus*, who distinguished himself as a general in the war against Pyrrhus, 280–275 B. C.

27. *Manius Curius Dentatus*, noted as the conqueror of Pyrrhus in 275 B. C., and as the builder of the tunnel from Lake Velinus to the Nar. He was three times chosen consul, and was famous as a model of all the Roman virtues.

28. *Tiberius Coruncanius*, an eminent jurist who held all the high offices of state, including those of consul (280 B. C.) and Pontifex Maximus.

29. The Stoics.

30. The ideal wise men of the Stoics.

31. *Quintus Ennius* (born about 239 B. C.: died in 169), an epic poet and dramatist, one of the founders of Latin literature. His most celebrated work

was the epic poem "Annals" (traditional Roman history), designed as a supplement to the Homeric Poems.

32. Empedocles, who called the fundamental forces of attraction and repulsion friendship and strife. He flourished early in the fifth century B. C.

33. The "Dulorestes," an adaptation of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides. The reference is to that part of the legend of Orestes in which, having gone with his friend Pylades to Tauris by order of the Delphic Oracle to carry off the sacred image of Artemis and thus purify himself from the guilt of matricide, he is seized by King Thoas and threatened with death.

34. *M. Pacuvius*, one of the most celebrated of Roman dramatists, a nephew of Ennius. He was born about 220 B. C., and died about 132.

35. *Amor*, love, *Amicitia*, friendship.

36. *Tarquin the Proud*, the last king of Rome, a tyrant famous in Roman annals. The rape of Lucretia by his son Sextus, led, according to the legends, to his overthrow and the establishment of the Republic.

37. *Spurius Cassius Viscellinus*, a patrician, proposer of the first agrarian law, beheaded in 485 on the (doubtless false) charge of aiming at regal power.

38. *Spurius Maelius*, a wealthy plebeian. The charge of aspiring to the kingship brought against him was false, and was based upon the fact that in 440 B. C., during a famine, he sold corn to the poor at a low price, or gave it away.

39. *Pyrrhus*, king of Epirus. He invaded Italy in 280 B. C. to aid the Tarentines against Rome, and was at first successful, but

was finally beaten at Beneventum in 275. He treated his prisoners kindly and returned them without ransom.

40. *Hannibal*, the great Carthaginian general. He conquered Spain, crossed the Alps (218 B. C.), and defeated the Roman army in a series of famous battles. He was recalled to Carthage in 203, and was finally defeated by Scipio Africanus Major at Zama, in 202. He died by suicide about 186 B. C. His character was unfairly judged by the Romans.

41. The Epicureans.

42. *Cnaeus* (or *Caius*) *Marcus Coriolanus*, in Roman legend a patrician who was impeached (490 B. C.) for proposing to force the abolition of the tribunate by suspending the public sales of corn. He fled to the Volscians, and, as their general, marched against Rome, but was

dissuaded from attacking it by the entreaties of his wife and mother.

43. See notes 37 and 38.

44. *Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus*, a celebrated political reformer and popular leader, born about 163 B. C. He was the grandson of Scipio Africanus Major. On his election to the tribunate in 133 B. C., he proposed and carried, amid scenes of violence, measures designed to check the absorption of land in the great estates of the rich, which was rapidly going on, and to secure its greater subdivision and its wider distribution among the class of small independent farmers. At the end of his tribunate he endeavored, contrary to the law, to secure his reëlection, and was killed (133 B. C.).

45. *Quintus Aelius Tubero*, called the Stoic. He was tribune with Tib. Gracchus in 133 B. C., and opposed his agrarian measures.

46. Blossius fled to Aristonicus, king of Pergamos, and, when his protector was conquered by the Romans, committed suicide.

47. *Quintus Aemilius Papus*, a soldier and statesman, consul in 282 B. C., and 278, and censor in 275.

48. See note 26.

49. *Caius Papirius Carbo*, a popular leader, tribune in 131 B. C. He proposed a law for the use of the ballot in enacting and repealing laws, and was thought to have had a hand in the assassination of Scipio. He also proposed a law permitting the repeated reëlection of tribunes.

50. *Caius Porcius Cato*, grandson of Cato the censor. He was consul in 114 B. C.

51. *Caius Sempronius Gracchus*, younger brother of Tib. Gracchus. He became tribune in 123 B. C., renewed his bro-

ther's agrarian laws, and endeavored to lay the foundations of a pure democracy. He again became tribune in 122, but was defeated in 121, and slain in the disturbance which followed.

52. *Publius Scipio Nasica*, the leader of the aristocratic party that assassinated Tib. Gracchus. His course in this matter so enraged the people that his life was in danger, and the Senate, to save him, sent him on a pretended mission to Asia. He died, practically an exile, at Pergamum.

53. See note 49.

54. The Gabinian law, enacted by Aulus Gabinus when tribune in 139 B. C., introduced the use of the ballot in the election of magistrates, and its use was extended to courts of justice (except in certain cases) by the Cassian law in 137.

55. The famous Athenian statesman and general, conqueror

of Xerxes at Salamis. He was ostracized about 470 B. C., and finally went to Persia. There is little probability that, as Cicero asserts, he committed suicide.

56. One of the Seven Wise Men of Greece. He lived at Priene in Ionia, probably in the sixth century B. C.

57. See note 22.

58. *Publius Rupilius*, consul in 132 B. C. He was a bitter opponent of the party of the Gracchi.

59. *Quintus Fabius Maximus Aemilianus*, eldest son of L. Aem. Paulus and adopted son of Quintus Fabius Maximus Cunctator. He was consul in 145 B. C., and defeated Viriathus, in Spain, in 144.

60. See note 58.

61. *Lucius Rupilius*, a man of no especial distinction.

62. Son of Achilles the hero of the Iliad, and grandson of Lycomedes. After the death of

his father, his presence with the army before Troy was declared by an oracle to be essential to the capture of that city. He was one of those who entered the city in the wooden horse.

63. See note 62.

64. Chosen consul in 141 B. C., in opposition to Laelius. He gained his election by trickery.

65. *Quintus Caecilius Metellus Macedonicus*, a noted general, colleague of Scipio and Laelius in the augurship. He was chosen consul in 143 B. C.

66. A noted Greek Pythagorean philosopher and mathematician. He lived about 400 B. C.

67. *Publius Terentius Afer*, a celebrated writer of comedies. He was born at Carthage about 185 B. C., and died about 159. The "Andria," which was first exhibited about 166, is an adaptation of a play of the same name by Menander.

68. A parasite in Terence's "Eunuchus," a comedy based on material borrowed from Menander.

69. See note 49.

70. Tribune of the people in 145 B. C.

71. The Rostra, on which the orators stood, lay between the Forum, where the plebeian assembly met, and the Comitium or meeting-place of the patricians, and it had been customary, even for the tribunes, to address the latter.

72. *Milites gloriosi*, bragging soldiers — favorite characters in the old comedies. The "Miles Gloriosus" was a well-known play by Plautus.

73. This passage is from the "Eunuchus" of Terence. Thraso, the "braggart soldier," puts the question about his mistress Thais to Gnatho, the parasite.

74. A quotation from the

“Epiclerus” of Caecilius Statius.

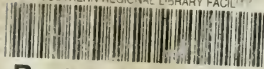
75. See note 35.

76. *Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus*, father of the famous tribunes mentioned above, and son-in-law to the elder Africanus. He was tribune in 187 B. C., pretor in 181, and consul in 177 and 163. He attained great distinction as a general in Spain.

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